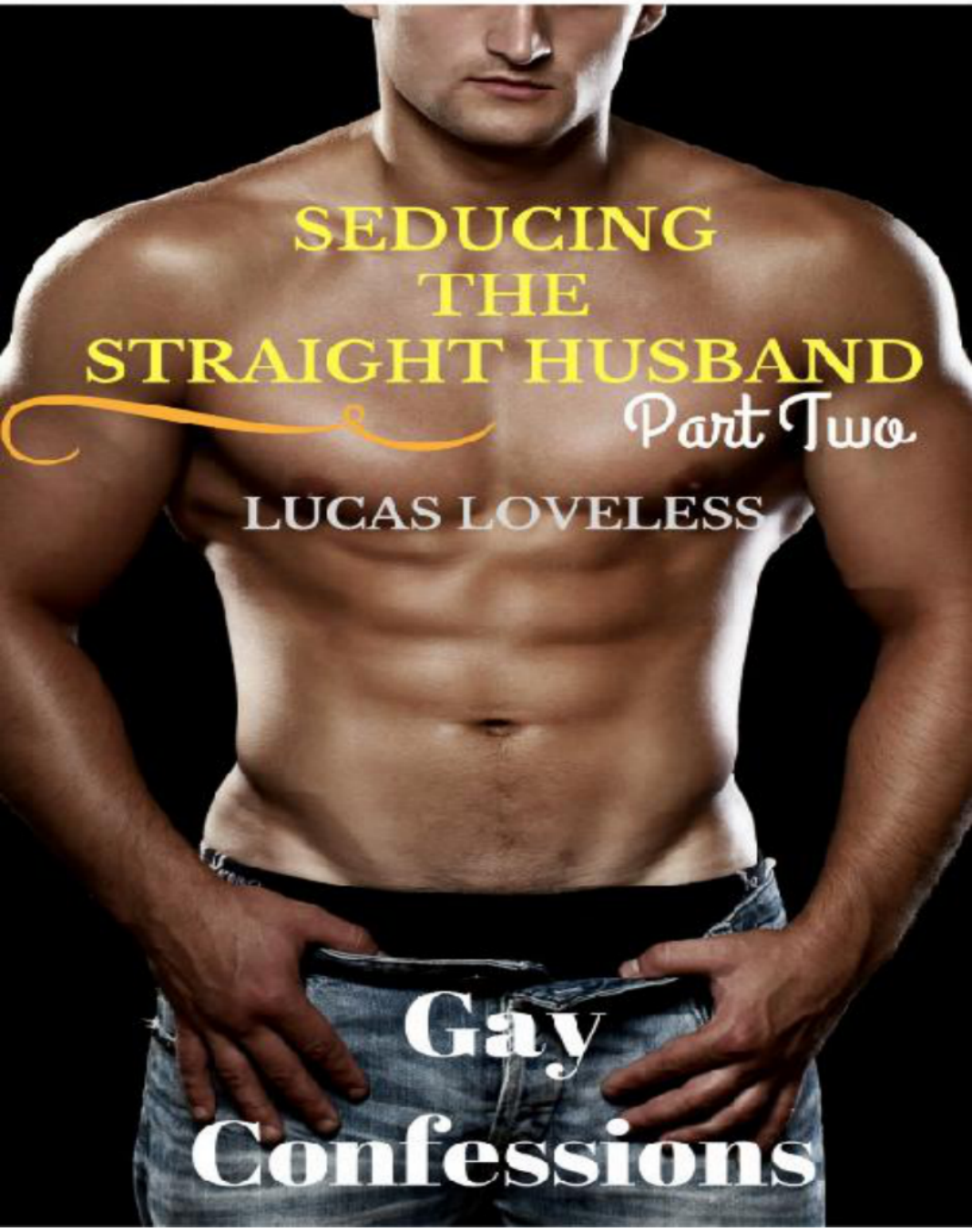
SEDUCING
THE
STRAIGHT HUSBAND
Part Two
LUCAS LOVELESS
Gay
Confessions

ONE

Travis and I were never supposed to hook up again, but in life things never go the way they're supposed to happen.

For all of the other men I "help out" I give them a follow up appointment just to see if they're able to take what they learned with me and apply it to their own sex lives.

I should've known that Travis would be different because I let him do more to me than I let any other clients do.

Hell, I let him do to more to me than I've let any other man!

But I tried to be professional about it and give him a follow up appointment.

I sat there, in the chair in my office, the same chair we'd fucked on two weeks ago. Just being there, sitting on that chair, made my mind wander back to the amazing sex we had.

I started to get an erection.

"Down boy," I whispered to my dick. "Down. He's going to be here any minute."

I checked my watch. 3 o'clock and Travis still hadn't showed up.

"Damn it," I sighed. His absence made me want him in my office even more.

I took a deep breath and read over some of my notes for other clients. I was doing anything I could just to keep my mind off of that man that would be sitting on the couch in front of me any minute now.

"Don't think about fucking him," I said to myself. "Don't do it. Don't even think about him naked."

But then, of course I thought about him naked. His chiseled body. All those muscles and that thick cock. His round, firm behind. I was starting to drool.

"Fuck!"

I slammed my note book shut and stood up. "This is ridiculous. Where the hell is he so we can get this over with already?"

I loosened my tie, and I thought about two weeks ago when I'd taken it

off before getting totally naked with him.

"Damn it," I said. "That's it. I'm not waiting any longer."

I grabbed my brief case and coat. "If he wants to be this late and waste my time, then fuck him."

I marched for the door.

"Fuck him right in his perfect-"

Before I could touch the handle the door opened fast, and there he stood.

I nearly lost my breath. I stood still like a deer frozen in headlights.

"Hey Doc," he said. He seemed just as surprised to see me.

We just stood there for a minute, awkward and silent and staring at one another like lovers reuniting.

I felt foolish, just standing there and holding my things, ready to go with him in my way.

"Sorry I'm late," he said. "Traffic was a bitch."

I took a deep breath. "Sure, alright." I cleared my throat. "Well you're lucky I decided to stick around. I almost left for the day."

He smiled. "I'm glad you didn't."

And then I stood there, still in front of him like a damn school boy with a crush. I could feel my face getting hot like I was red with embarrassment.

He looked so damn handsome. He'd slicked his hair and shaven his face, leaving him with a slight afternoon shadow over that damn chiseled jaw line. And his eyes were bright in the light and gleaming while they looked back into mine. Fucking hypnotic.

"Can I," he stuttered, "can I come?" Then he laughed softly and straightened up. "I mean, can I come in?"

I hid my smile, trying to appear stern with him. I stepped aside. "Yes, come in. This shouldn't take long."

This shouldn't take long, but holy hell I wanted it to last hours.

Travis stepped into my office, and I purposely left the door open.

As he walked in I noticed he'd gotten dressed up for this. He wore slacks

and a fitting button up. It was like having a well-dressed fitness model step into my office.

I gulped just looking at him. I just hoped my half-erection wouldn't be obvious through my suit.

Travis sat down on the couch. "It's a lot brighter in here this time."

"All we will be doing is talking this time, Travis," I told him as I took my seat. "So there's no need to dim the lights."

He grinned. "Too bad. I uh, I guess that's why the door is staying open?"

The door is staying open so I'm not tempted to rip your clothes off, I thought.

I took a deep breath. "Yes that's why. And it will stay open the whole time, understand?"

He stopped smiling and nodded. "Yes sir. Okay. I guess we are being serious this time."

"Yes we are." I talked as cold and unemotional as I could. I pulled out my notebook and got ready. "Alright, Travis. How have you been since our last visit?"

I looked up at him. He started talking, but I didn't listen to a single fucking word he said. I was too distracted by the sexy tone of his deep voice and the way his arm muscles were begging to rip out of that nice shirt.

"Doc?" he asked. "Doc are you okay?"

I stopped zoning out. I realized I had even started chewing the end of my pen like some horny secretary. "Uh, yes. Yes I'm fine. Okay, so uh..." I scribbled in my notebook and pretended like I'd heard him. "So you're doing good. That's great."

He shook his head on confusion. "No, Doc. Didn't you hear me? I told you that, that me and my wife, we're still not happy together."

I stopped scribbling. I stared at the squiggly lines I'd made to keep myself from staring at him. "Oh, I'm sorry to hear that Travis."

Part of me wasn't sorry at all. I was glad they still weren't happy. It meant I'd fucked him better than she could.

"Is the problem still in the bedroom?" I asked.

He bit his lip, staring back at me, and he nodded. "Yes sir. We haven't even had sex since I, well you know, since I came here..."

I loosened my tie and corrected my glasses. My throat felt a little dry and hands were clammy. "And why is that?"

He laughed a little. "Doc, do I really need to say it?"

I kept a straight face. "Yes, Travis. You need to be honest with me."

He took a deep breath. "Okay, well every time we started to do it, I uh..." He looked me in the eyes. "I thought about you."

Fuck, I thought. He needs to stop talking before I let him mount me.

"Really?" I asked. Then I cleared my throat. "I mean uh, Travis that's not what was supposed to happen."

He leaned forward. "Then what was supposed to happen, Doc?"

I rubbed my head. "You were supposed to be more open to yourself sexually. That was it. That's what our last session was supposed to accomplish."

He smiled and looked down bashfully. "Doc, it definitely made me open to myself sexually. I mean, two weeks ago, that was the most amazing sex I'd ever had."

"Travis..." My mouth almost told him to stop, but my body wanted him to keep talking.

"I'm sorry, Doc, but it's true," he said. "When you, uh, you know, did all that stuff, it felt fucking incredible. I'd never felt like that before. I was so turned on. It was like, a drug Doc. It was like a damn drug!"

"Travis, you should try it with your wife," I said fast. I had to force those words out of my mouth.

He stood up and raised his hands. "I don't want to do that, Doc. I don't want to feel forced into having great sex with her because it feels natural with you!"

I stood up, too. He was speaking too loud. "Travis, I think we should cut this session short."

"Why?" he asked.

I shut the door. Then I spoke low. "Because you are my client,

understand. The type of therapy we did last time is a one-time thing. There's no more after that. So if you're thinking about what I think you're thinking about then..."

"It wasn't just therapy, Doc, and you know it." He got in front of me, trapping me between him and the door. "We had sex, man. Great, amazing, fucking sex! And I need it again." He put his hands on my sides and drew me closer to him. "I need you again."

"Travis," I said as I was losing my breath.

His hands felt large on my body as they held me firmly.

My heart pounded against my chest. I could feel his breath on me. I could feel the heat coming off of his body.

As he pressed himself against me I could feel his erection against my own.

"Don't tell me you don't want this, too," he said. He grinned. "Because I can feel it right now."

He pressed his hard on up against mine and we both groaned.

I wanted to let him have his way with me so bad it hurt. But I couldn't do it. He was my client, a married client.

This was supposed to be a one-time thing, and I couldn't let it go any further.

I pulled away from him and went around him.

I stood in the middle of the office and caught my breath. "Travis, get out."

He didn't answer.

I couldn't even turn and face him because I knew I wouldn't be able to resist him.

"Doc, come on," he said.

"I said leave!"

He was quiet another moment. "Fine." He opened the door. "Just consider me healed then, so you'll never have to see me again."

And then I heard him slam the door.

I had played it safe, and I just stood there in my office feeling like I'd been hit by a whirlwind. And I'd never hated myself more.

TWO

The next night I was at a bar in the city with a fellow shrink. Teresa. She and I had been friends since college. She knew all the dirty stuff about me, my dirty little secrets and my practice. She even knew personal stuff about me, like how bad it hurt when my ex dumped me years ago for a man that was hotter and nastier than me.

"You've never been close to anyone since he left you," she said to me. She knocked back some of her martini. "And it's because you won't let anyone in."

I rolled my eyes. "Teresa the last thing I need right now is more therapy."

She grinned. "It sounds like you need some dick." Then she giggled. "Travis's dick."

I laughed and rolled my eyes. "Don't even, girl. He's straight, and he's married." I gulped down the rest of my whiskey and coke and leaned on the bar. "You know my rules. It's a one-time thing, and then I send them off."

She laughed. "You're the weirdest therapist I've ever known, man." Then her expression became serious and she spoke lower. "But I know that Travis wasn't just some client you serviced and sent on his way. Just look at you when you talk about him."

I grumbled, "I don't know what you're talking about."

She pursed her lips and nudged my shoulder. "You know exactly what I'm talking about. When you talk about Travis, your eyes light up and you always smile, or at least kind of smile. You're like a school girl with a crush."

My cheeks were turning pink. "No I'm not."

She laughed. "Yes you are."

I raised my hand to order another drink. "Teresa just leave it alone."

"Life is too short to do what you're doing," she said.

"Oh yeah?" I cocked my head. "And what am I doing?"

"Letting a perfect guy like Travis slip through your fingers," she answered.

The bar tender put a drink down in front of me.

"Teresa, all we did was have sex." It felt good just to say it. "That's all Travis and I did. We aren't in love or anything. We just had sex... hot, amazing, fantastic, sex." I zoned out for a minute thinking about riding Travis in my office chair.

She smirked. "Dude, just go for it. You already know he still wants you. And you know you're ten times a better fuck than his wife. So just go for it."

I took a drink and sighed. "I don't know... I don't know..."

THREE

Friday came around.

I took care of other clients. I didn't service any of them, just talking.

I hadn't serviced any men since Travis. I didn't want to. I just did what normal therapists do and helped them by talking through their sexual frustrations.

"What's wrong with me?" I asked myself.

One man. Just one hot, beautiful hunk did me the right way and now I didn't care about any of the others. I didn't want anyone else. I wanted Travis.

I felt so dumb and foolish, but I couldn't get my mind off of him as I sat as my desk and looked out the window.

My last appointment had canceled, so I was alone at the office while all my other coworkers were going home for the weekend.

Finally, I broke down and sent Travis a text message.

ME: at my office alone. If you want to come by.

I set my phone on the desk and immediately felt the nervous embarrassment wash over me like a wave of mud.

"Fuck," I sighed.

I'd just made an idiot of myself, sending him a "booty call" message like some sort of desperate single.

"This is stupid," I said. "Screw him. Shouldn't have sent it."

I gathered my paperwork and notes into a briefcase and was about to grab my phone when it vibrated on the desk.

TRAVIS: don't tease me, Doc

I bit my lip and smiled.

That sexy bastard. What if I did tease him? What would he do to me? Throw me down and punish me?

My cock started to get hard while I stared at my phone.

This was it. If I started texting him I knew I wouldn't be able to stop myself. I wanted him so - fucking - bad, and I couldn't help myself anymore.

ME: why don't you come to my office and see if I'm teasing

I felt nervous and excited all at once. To ease myself, I grabbed a bottle of whiskey I kept in my shelves and poured myself a glass.

"Fuck it," I said before taking a gulp. "It's Friday, anyway."

Just as I went to take another drink, my phone started ringing.

It was Travis.

I took a deep breath, and for a moment I thought about letting it go to voice mail.

"Stop being a bitch," I whispered to myself.

I cleared my throat, and I answered the phone. "Travis."

"Hey Doc," he said.

Fuck, his voice was sexy.

"Are you still at your office?"

I grinned. "Come find out, big guy."

"Don't tease me, man," he said. "I need to know that you're serious."

I held my whiskey glass and looked out the window. "Yes, Travis. I'm serious."

He paused. "I can be there in fifteen minutes, man. Are you offering what I think you're offering?"

To fuck me senseless, I thought.

"Doc?" he asked.

"Just get over here, Travis," I told him. "Get over here and fuck me before I change my mind."

And then I hung up.

I took another drink of whiskey, and it burned a little less as it went down.

FOUR

Fifteen minutes later, I poured myself a second glass.

I leaned on my desk, too nervous to sit down or lie down on the couch.

There was a knock on the door.

I stood up straight and straightened out my suit.

The door slowly opened, and Travis stood on the other side. He saw me and smiled. "Hey."

I smiled back at him. "Hey."

He walked in and closed the door behind him, and then he slowly locked it.

My breath felt short.

Damn it, he looked good. He wore work out shorts and a sleeveless T shirt. His skin glistened a little with sweat. His hair seemed dirty.

"Why are you dressed like that?" I asked. "Were you at the gym?"

He took a few steps forward and nodded. "I was. I was lifting weights and then you sent me a message, and I gotta say it was tough to hide my hard on in these shorts."

I gulped. My eyes wandered down to his crotch. I could see the outline of his thick cock, swinging in between his legs as he approached me.

"I uh," I stuttered. "I bet it was."

He took a moment to glance around my office. "You've got the lights out again."

I looked around, too.

All I had on was the lamp on my desk. The window shades were drawn and the lights were out.

Just like last time, it started to feel hotter in that office.

"So Doc," he asked. "What made you change your mind?"

I smiled back at him, trying to keep my cool. I wanted to be clever with him, and I just hoped he couldn't sense how nervous I felt with him standing so close in front of me again.

"Do you really care?" I asked. "Travis, do you really care what changed my mind?"

He took another step and grinned. "No, not at all."

I licked my lips.

He crossed his arms over his gym shirt, grabbed it, and then raised it over his head slowly like he was teasing me with a glance at that chiseled body. He dropped his shirt onto the floor, and he stood up tall, towering over me and smiling at me. "You look hot in that suit."

I gulped. I loosened my tie a little. "Yes it's uh, it's getting a little warm in here."

He stood right in front of me, so close that I could smell him.

Being the close to him made my heart beat against my chest. It made hands shake and my skin feel warm. I was excited. I was nervous. I was ready to buckle to my knees.

Being on my knees in front of him, I wouldn't mind that!

He put his hands on my suit jacket and started slipping it off of me. "Why don't you take this off then."

I lifted my arms from my sides and let him take it off of me.

He dropped it on the floor like he did his gym shirt.

Then he went for the buttons of my shirt. He started at the top, popping them open and moving down one by one, slowly.

"You look like you might need this off, too," he said.

I breathed a little shorter, faster. "Yeah, that'd be good."

He smiled. "Are you nervous, Doc?"

I laughed like I wasn't. "Not at all." I gulped. "Why the hell would I be nervous?"

"Not sure," he answered. "After all, you're the one who turned me on to this."

"Turned you on to what?" I asked.

He smiled as he undid the last button of my shirt and pulled it open, revealing my undershirt. "Turned me on to men," he said.

I laughed softly. "So I turned you gay?"

He pulled my shirt off of me. "I'm not gay, Doc, at least not for any other man." He dropped my shirt to the floor. "But there's something about you, man. I've never seen a guy who looks as good without his clothes on as you do."

I looked down and I could see the huge tent he was pitching in his gym shorts. His cock twitched and bounced against the fabric like it was asking me to touch it.

But I held back. Despite wanting to sleep with Travis again, I still wanted control. I still wanted to feel like I could handle him. But I knew it would be a losing battle.

"You seem really excited there," I said to him, looking down at his cock.

He grinned. "You make me really fucking hard, Doc. And I haven't had sex in two weeks. I haven't even come."

My eyes widened. "In two weeks?"

He shook his head. "Not at all."

Holy shit, I thought. With all that tension backed up I felt he was going to destroy me to release all of it.

He put his hands on my sides and pushed me against the desk. "I've got so much sexual frustration to deal with, Doc." Then he cracked a smile. "Do you think you can get it all out of me?"

Hold back, I told myself. Just hold back and try and stay in control.

He leaned in closer to me. I could feel his breath on my skin. His lips were so close to mine. So achingly close to mine that my body trembled.

"Will you help me out, Doc?" he asked.

"Travis..." I breathed short and quick.

This sexy-as-hell bastard needed to stop talking so I could maintain some sense of restraint.

He squeezed my body. He wrapped his arm around my lower back. "I'm so fucking frustrated, Doc," he growled. "Help me get it all out."

He squeezed my butt so hard that it hurt a little, but the pleasure outweighed the pain and made my cock stiffen to a full erection in my pants.

He pressed his body against mine so that our rock hard manhood grinded against one another.

He groaned. "Or should I just force you to help me out..."

My eyes closed and my head tilted to the side. I couldn't fight him off. I didn't want to.

His lips finally touched mine, just barely, but just enough to send tingles throughout my body.

"Fuck you, Travis," I whispered as he started to kiss me. "You fucking bastard!"

And I didn't get another word in.

He grabbed my face and plunged his lips onto mine hard and firm. He kissed me, then his tongue prodded into my mouth and whipped against mine.

My hands landed on his arms. I grabbed at his body. I ran my fingers through the back of his hair.

He spoke through heated, heavy breaths as he kissed me. "Doc, I wanna fuck you so bad."

I ran my hands down his body. I felt those muscles and ripples and the tiny beads of sweat left on his skin.

He yanked down his gym shorts and his cock sprung out. It was thick and throbbing and fucking beautiful.

My hand went straight to it. I pet and stroked his shaft, making him moan and groan like a wild animal.

"Yeah, Doc," he growled. "Stroke my dick. It's hard just for you."

"Yeah," I moaned. "This is my dick, right?"

He smiled as he started thrusting slowly in and out of my grip. "Yeah, man. This cock is all for you."

It was fucking sexy!

I couldn't believe I was talking dirty back to him. It was something I'd never done before.

"Are you going to fuck me with it?" I whimpered while tugging at the back of his hair.

"Fuck yes!" he growled while kissing me.

"Are you going to fuck me hard with your big cock?" I asked.

He bit my lip. Then he pushed me aside and with a single motion of his hand brushed everything off of my desk. Everything but the lamp crashed onto the floor.

Then he grabbed me and pushed me back against the desk. "I'm going to use my big cock to fuck you senseless, Doc!"

"Fuck," I gasped.

He grabbed me by my hips and whirled me around. He bent me over my desk and put his fingers under the waistline of my pants.

He grabbed and squeezed my ass. "Yeah, this is the best ass I've ever seen, man."

I held onto the sides of my desk with a tight grip. I bit my lip, waiting in heat for his next move.

He pulled me up by my shoulders. My back arched and my head tilted back.

He wrapped his hand around my throat and squeezed. I felt his lips and the edges of his teeth on the skin of my neck.

He heaved and panted.

I could feel his pulsing cock rub against my butt.

With his other hand, he grabbed a hold of my tie and pulled on it.

"You're the hottest piece of ass I've ever had," he growled into my ear.

"Fuck," I whimpered.

There was still a little part of me that hadn't completely surrendered to him. And that part of me still wanted to stop him. I was still scared of this. I was scared of the consequences. I didn't want to hurt him and I didn't want to get hurt. I didn't want to get used, either.

But the way he touched me, the way he took full fucking control of my body had me reeling with arousal so strong that my body trembled.

He held onto my other tie while his other hand groped and squeezed my ass.

Then he spanked me hard and firm, sending a twinge through my body and to the edge of my dripping cock.

He spanked me again and rubbed his palm over my butt. "Do you like that, Doc?"

"Yes," I gasped. "Fuck yes."

He spanked me a third time, even harder.

I yelped. "Fuck!"

He gripped my ass and pulled my body back against him. "I need your body so fucking bad."

And I wanted his body, too. I wanted his body so badly that I stopped thinking about anything else.

"I can't wait to feel your sweet ass again," he growled into my ear. Then he nibbled on my ear lobe while breathing against it and my neck.

He released me from his grip and pushed me back down over the desk. I loved how aggressive he was.

He reached under my waist and undid my belt and pants.

"What are you doing?" I panted.

He raked his finger tips down my back, all the way to my hips. "Taking what's mine, Doc."

He grabbed my pants and boxers in his hands and yanked them down to my ankles, exposing my bare ass to him.

Then I felt his warm hands on my ass, squeezing and massaging.

"Yeah, that's fucking great," he groaned.

He cock rubbed against me, leaving a trail of precome on my body.

"Oh my God," I whimpered.

He got down on his knees behind me. He took a handful of butt cheek

into each one of his hands and spread them.

"Fuck," I whimpered.

"Hey, Doc," he said, "when's the last time any man's licked your sweet little asshole?"

My eyes rolled back as I tilted my head back. "Too long," I said with a heavy breath.

He smiled and gathered some spit into his mouth. "Not anymore."

"Travis, what are you-"

Before I finished my sentence, I felt the tip of his tongue touch against my rim.

Instantly, my head lowered back onto the desk. My fingers clawed at the wood as I held onto the sides. My mouth opened and I whimpered.

His tongue did circles around my hole, licking and teasing me. He sent my body into a raging fit in under a minute. The fastest I'd ever felt like I was ready to come.

I felt ready to come already, just with his tongue inside me.

"Travis," I said. I wanted to warn him to slow down, that what he was doing would soon make me finish before we could even really get started.

His tongue flattened and started swirling around my asshole. Hot and wet. Firm and fast. It flicked against my swollen, aching taint.

"Fuck!" he roared as he spanked me. "Man, this is the best ass in the whole world."

My head leaned back. I whined and whimpered. "Travis, you're... you're gonna make me..." But I couldn't finish my sentence.

Precome dripped out of my cock. I knew if I touched myself, that would be the end of it. But he was so good with his tongue I felt I might not even need to in order to reach orgasm.

He leaned back and took a breath. He squeezed and rubbed his ass. "I'm gonna make you what, Doc? Come? Are you gonna come already?"

I nodded. "Yes," I whined. "Yes, Travis, fuck! You're gonna make me come!"

He smiled with satisfaction. "Do it."

"What?" I asked. "Travis, no. I don't wanna come, yet!"

"I want you to fucking come," he growled. "I want you to fucking come with my tongue in your asshole."

I leaned up. "Travis, please. I want to last for you."

He put his big hand on my back and forced me to bend back over. "Trust me, Doc. I'll make you last. Now shoot your load already. I wanna see you come while I eat your ass."

I held back onto the desk. "Bastard. You fucking bastard!"

He dug his tongue back into my ass. He fucked me with it. Hot and wet and firm and fast. His spit dripped down my taint and onto the floor.

My body started to seize.

My cock started to pulse.

"No," I whined. But I was so fucking turned on at the control he had over me that I loved it. "No, don't make me come!"

He growled as he hungrily rimmed me.

And then he sent me over the edge of no return.

My body clenched. I gripped the desk so hard I thought I was going to rip off the woodwork.

My cock felt electric and explosive as it pulsed and shot strings of come down the side of my desk.

Travis was right. We weren’t done yet.

"Mmm, yeah!" he groaned.

He kept tonguing me until my orgasm was over. Then he licked my rim slowly, and a minute later he stood up behind me.

I felt a little tired, but I was still rock hard. I stayed bent over my desk.

He ran his hands up and down my back under my undershirt. "That was fucking hot, man. Glad I could make you come so quick."

I couldn't help but smile. "Well when your tongue is that fucking amazing it's hard not to."

He grabbed my shoulders and pulled me up to him. He turned my head around to his and made out with me. "Your ass is fucking amazing. Your whole body is amazing."

I reached behind me and found his thick, still throbbing cock in my hand. "And what about you, Travis?"

He spun me around and slipped tongue into my mouth. "Trust me, man. I'm going to give you so much come you'll drown in it."

I stood still.

He knelt before me and slipped off my shoes and socks. He took off my pants and got me almost completely naked, except for my undershirt.

He stood back and grabbed my undershirt. "Do you need this?"

I shook my head.

He smiled. "Good."

With a swift, strong motion he literally tore my undershirt off of me and tossed it to the floor.

This made me fully hard again. I'd never seen a man act so wild and hot.

I went to take off my tie.

He stopped me. "No, leave this on. You look too cute with it on."

I smiled. "Yes sir."

He stepped out of all of his clothes. He was rugged, muscled and naked with that huge cock still engorged and ready for action.

"God damn, you're hot," I let out.

He smiled. "You know what's funny, Doc? Last time you controlled me, and now I'm controlling you."

I grinned. "I'm just letting you think you are."

He shoved me playfully. "Oh really, is that what it is?"

I shoved him back. "That's exactly what it is, you fucking bastard."

He grabbed my tie and pulled me to him. He grabbed my face and kissed me and slipped his tongue into my mouth again.

He was a great kisser, a damn great kisser. I could've lost myself for weeks just letting his mouth do its magic on mine.

He grabbed my hand and put it in between his legs, making me feel his balls. "Do you feel how full these are?"

"Yes."

"I'm gonna give you a choice, Doc," he said, tightening his grip on my tie. "You can either take my come in your throat... or your ass. You pick."

Fuck, I thought.

I grinned. "Why don't you fill up everything, big guy?"

He smiled. "That's what I like."

I was about to go back and kiss him...

... but he yanked the tie downward and forced me onto my knees before him.

"Put your hands behind your back," he ordered.

I was breathing short and fast. I put my trembling hands behind my back.

"You ready?" he asked.

I nodded. I was already drooling.

His beautiful cock was right in front of my face and I wanted it in my

mouth.

He stepped forward. "Open your mouth."

I did as he wished.

He slipped that hunk of meat in between my hot, wet lips and pushed himself halfway in.

"Fuck, yes," he groaned.

I could taste the precome that dripped from him. I loved the way his shaft felt against my tongue as it slid back and forth over it.

"Fuck yes!"

He put his hand on the back of my head and started thrusting.

I could feel the head of his cock hitting the back of my throat.

When I started to gag, he pulled out just enough to let me catch my breath.

Then he slid it back inside all the way to my throat.

"Fuck, yea," he groaned. "Fuck, I'm already gonna come."

I whined and moaned for him. I was aching to take his load. I wanted to taste and swallow it all.

"Fuck!" he roared.

He held onto my tie and the back of my head, and with a final thrust he started to come.

He was right. I felt like I was drowning.

He came so much I gagged and pulled back, spitting it out and choking on it.

"Fuck," he moaned. He kept stroking himself, shooting jets of hot come onto my face and chest. "Holy fuck, I can't stop."

He kept coming and coming, bucket loads spilling over me.

After a minute he stopped.

I was dripping wet with his hot, sticky juices. "Holy shit."

We both started laughing.

"Oh my God," he sighed. "That felt so fucking good."

I smiled up at him, knowing well that his come was all over my face. "I bet."

He pulled me up to my feet and grinned. "Man, I really sprayed you down."

I laughed. "Yeah you weren't kidding."

He wiped some of his come off with his finger tips, and then he paused and looked me in the eyes. He smiled at me.

"What are you looking at?" I asked, feeling a little embarrassed. "Haven't you ever seen your own come before?"

He laughed. "Yes I have. But I've never seen someone look so good while wearing it."

I punched his chest. "Shut the hell up, man."

We laughed for a few moments.

Then he stopped laughing and stared at me again.

"Travis, really, what the hell are you-"

"Shh," he said. He leaned forward. "Just hold still."

I stayed motionless.

He leaned forward. He stuck out his tongue. He gently, slowly licked his come off of my face. Then he kissed my cheek.

He licked his come off my chest and kissed me there.

Holy fuck, I thought.

It was one of the most erotic moments I'd ever experienced.

He came back up to my face, his own come dripping off his lips. He looked me in my eyes with this dreamy, hazy expression.

Then he planted his lips on mine and we kissed one another, letting his juices spread across our lips and tongue.

We kept kissing like we were in some sort of trance.

I know I was hypnotized by this guy. His lips and tongue and hands drove me out of my mind.

"Your come tastes great doesn't it," I said.

He grinned while holding my face. "It's alright. I bet yours tastes better."

"Oh really, and how are you going to find out?"

He pushed me back. "I'll just have to work another load out of you, Doctor. Think you can do it?"

I took a step back. My heart started pounding and my pulse raced again.

"Think you can come again so I can taste it?" he asked.

Then he pushed me hard.

I fell back onto the warm, leather couch.

He stepped forward.

"Maybe you can fuck it out of me," I told him.

He pinned me down onto the couch. He put his leg in between mine. He took my hands into his and put them up and behind my head.

My chest rose and fell with heavy breaths.

He smiled while holding me down. "I can definitely fuck another shot out of you, Doc."

He kissed me and slipped his tongue into my mouth.

Then he licked and sucked on my neck. He licked my chest and bit on my hardened nipples.

I had goosebumps all over my body. I was tingling. I was hard as a rock again.

He ran the tips of his fingers down my chest and stomach. He was toying with me, teasing me. "Your body is amazing, Doc."

I pulled my right hand out from under his and touched his arms. I touched his chest and his stomach. "So is yours."

He held his weight off of me while staying over me.

My hand ventured further down his body, beneath his stomach and to

his groin.

I started stroking his meaty cock as my eyes rolled back in pleasure.

He groaned and breathed heavily, letting my hand explore his cock and sack. He was rock hard again and ready for more.

"Are you gonna let me have your ass?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered desperately.

My hole was puckering.

"Yeah, Travis. You can have my asshole. Do what you want with it."

He laughed softly as his fingers ventured down my swollen taint. "You whimper like a woman. It's fucking sexy."

"You like it?" I asked.

"Yeah," he answered. "Like a little slut."

Most guys would've been angry, but him saying this turned me on like never before.

"Like a little slut?" I asked.

"Yeah that's right," he growled. His middle finger reached in between my butt cheeks and found the edge of my man pussy. "You whine like a little, sexy slut."

His finger pressed against my eager, smooth hole.

My eyes closed and I gasped.

"Yeah that's right," I said. "I'm your little slut."

His lips landed on mine again. They were hard and passionate. "You're so much better than my wife."

I freed my other hand from his grip. I raked my fingertips down his back.

His wife? The bastard wanted to mention her. Was that all I was to him? Someone who could fuck him better than his wife could?

"Does my little slut want his ass fingered?" he growled.

Fuck, I thought. I couldn't think straight or clear enough. I couldn't be

mad either. I was too hard for this guy. Too turned on.

I nodded. "Fuck yes. Travis finger me. Come on!"

He brought his hand back to his mouth. He licked his two middle fingers.

"Mmm," he said as he licked his fingers. "Your ass tastes good."

I whined. "Travis just do it already."

"Alright, doc."

He pinned my hands back behind me.

I breathed fast and heavy. It seemed so hot in that office. Hot and foggy like I was in a dream.

Travis kept my hands behind my head in the grip of one of his hands. They were each so big it only took one hand to control me. I fucking loved it.

"Lift your legs up," he ordered.

He grabbed my ankles and lifted them up until my knees were almost hitting my chest.

"Travis, what are you doing?"

"Just trust me, man."

He wet his fingers more with his mouth.

I'd never been held in this position before. My hands were bound by his hand. My legs were lifted and held there with his body weight. My asshole was exposed and his for the taking. It was rough and quick and unpredictable. I was breathing fast with nervousness and excitement.

Somehow, this sexually dominant, married husband always had me on edge. He had always had me afraid and enthralled with what he'd do next.

"Ready?" he asked.

I held on tightly to the leather of the couch that I could gather in my hand. I nodded. "Yes, please!"

He slipped his fingers to my asshole and slowly but steadily pushed them inside.

"Oh fuck!" I leaned my head back and enjoyed the sensation of my tight

hole being stretched open.

"Damn you're tight," he groaned.

I wanted to stroke my aching cock.

When I looked up I saw one of his legs on the floor and one propping my legs and hips up.

His cock pulsed and rubbed against my butt. It was ready for my ass.

His fingers slid in and out of me, and it only took seconds for me to loosen up. Soon I was enjoying squeezing my ass around his fingers. He used two, slow and steady. He heaved and panted and kissed my legs and thighs at the same time.

"Fuck," I moaned. "Travis you're fucking amazing!"

He bit gently on my calf and fingered me more aggressively.

I wanted more of him.

"You're a hot little slut, Doc," he growled.

I felt the head of his prick against my butt.

"Will you fuck me now?" I asked, lost in the heat of the moment.

He paused and looked into my eyes. "Yes."

"Do it," I said. "Put your cock inside me."

He pulled his fingers out. He licked them. He gathered spit onto them and used it to wet my hole.

I waited in hot anticipation.

"No lube?" he asked.

My body was writhing for him. "No, just fuck me already, man. I need your cock now!"

He spread my legs around his waist.

I could feel the head of his cock against my hole.

Before he could even slide it into me I started moving my hips down and trying to get it inside of me.

He let go of my hands. "East, Doc. I'll fuck you I promise."

My hands moved on their own it seemed. I grabbed at his hips and pulled him closer to me. I raised my hips so that his cock pressed against my hole. "Travis..."

"No condom this time either?" he asked in a low voice.

I grabbed him by the back of his neck and pulled his face down to mine.

"Doc," he started to say.

I kissed him to shut him the hell up.

Then I held his face and made him look me directly in the eyes. "Travis, my body needs your cock inside it right now. So shut the fuck up, and put your dick in me."

He paused for an aching, long moment. Then he grinned as he reached down to grab his rod and line it up right. "Those are the sexiest fucking words I've ever heard, Doc."

I felt him push the head of his cock against me.

I stopped breathing.

Then he pushed himself inside and stretched me open.

My eyes rolled back and my mouth opened. My head leaned back and held onto tight to his shoulders as his rod slid halfway into me.

It was painful and yet the most explosive type of pleasure I'd ever experienced. My entire body was engulfed in a tingling ecstasy.

He pulled slowly out until it was just the head inside me, and then he slid back in, going deeper and harder.

My cock was rigid and hard and dripping precome down my stomach.

His cock felt so good I couldn't speak and hardly breathe.

He growled and moaned and groaned into my ear. I could feel his muscles harden and flex.

I could feel his cock twitch inside me.

Travis was a man, a fucking sexy man, a fucking sexy man and he was all mine right now. And I was his, his little slut to fuck like he wanted!

He pulled out again and then thrust inside me, going all the way in.

My eyes started to water. I could feel his dick in my lower stomach he was so deep.

I knew if he kept pounding I was going to come again.

He started thrusting harder and faster in a constant rhythm. I could hear his balls slapping against the leather of the couch.

He heaved and grunted. Tiny drops of sweat dripped off of him and onto my body. I could smell his musk and sweat.

The couch creaked as he fucked me, but soon our groaning and moaning outweighed the noise of the couch and filled the room like beautiful music.

He squeezed my ass cheeks while he kept riding me his big cock. "I can feel your hole squeezing. Are you about to come?"

I couldn't answer. He had fucked away my ability to talk. But I could my body getting close to an orgasm deep within me.

"Doc," he repeated while continued to thrust into me. "Are you gonna come?"

I whimpered, "Uh huh!" I raked my fingers into the back of his hair and unconsciously pulled.

"I'm about to blow, too," he groaned.

"Let's come!"

He went faster, harder. He squeezed me so firmly in his hands.

Our lips and tongues locked. My ass tightened and his dick pulsed.

"Fuck," he groaned.

I whimpered and held his face. "Yeah!"

"Oh fuck," he groaned louder.

His cock felt stiffer inside me.

"Come on," I whined. I could my own orgasm starting.

His forehead rested on mine. I felt his hot, heated breath on my face.

I started to come and I needed him to come, too. "Do it, Travis! Come

for me!"

"Fuck!" he roared.

We froze together.

My come shot onto my chest and stomach. His hot come shot up my ass. I could feel the warmth as it filled me up.

It was explosive and devastating and terrific and mind blowing. It felt like the world stopped and it was just quiet, agonizing moans from two men in heat for one another.

When our orgasms were over, he lay on top of me and kissed me.

"Your cock is still really fucking hard," I whispered.

"It's because it loves your asshole so much," he said with a smile.

We took another few moments to catch our breath.

"That was amazing," I said to him.

"Yeah it was." He stared at my face and eyes and lips. "You're amazing."

I could feel it again. I felt the sense that I was letting him get too close. I felt like I would fall for him, someone I could never really have.

He grinned. "Wanna go again?"

"Already?" I asked in surprise.

He pushed his cock a little further inside me and sent a twinge of pleasure throughout my whole body. "Yeah, Doc. I've still got another one in me."

I could feel my cock against his stomach. I was still hard, too, but I didn't know if I could shoot another load like he could.

"Come on," he said. "Let me get one more into you."

I smiled and grabbed onto the back of his neck. "Alright, Travis. Fuck another shot into me."

He bit onto my lip and tugged at it. Then he let it go and became aggressive again.

"Turn over," he ordered.

I didn't have to move. He did it for me.

He spun me over onto my side and grabbed my hips. He lifted my leg and exposed my backside for him.

I was still wet with his first shot, so it was easy for him to slide his cock back into me and go as deep as he fucking wanted.

"Oh God," I moaned.

He took my ass. It was his ass. He'd fucked it so good I would've let him put his name on it.

I clung to the couch cushion and bit into one of the pillows as he drove his rod in and out of my aching asshole.

"Fuck," I cried out.

We both started getting louder.

"Yeah, fucking take my dick!" he roared.

"Give it to me," I begged and panted. "Come on, Travis, I fucking love it."

I held onto him while he pounded me.

When I looked down I saw I was rock hard. I went to stroke myself.

He pushed my hand away. "Let me do it for you."

He took my shaft into his hand and stroked me while fucking my hole.

"Oh God," I moaned. "You're going to make me come!"

He fucked me harder. I moaned and whined as my eyes rolled back.

"I want you to come again," he said. "I wanna fuck all the come out of you, Doc."

Once again, he'd fucked away my ability to speak.

Another orgasm started. I could feel everything in my groin pulse and tighten. Come drizzled out of my cock, and then as he continued slamming my tight hole come started pouring out of me.

"Yeah," he groaned. "That's so fucking hot!"

He fucked me hard for another minute until I was done coming.

He slowed down, still slowly driving his cock in and out of my hole.

"Come inside me," I begged.

"I'm going to fill you up," he growled into my ear.

He held onto me and fucked me hard and slow. "Fuck. Oh fuck. Oh fuck!"

He roared and slammed into me one more time. I felt his shaft pulse, and his hot come filled me so much it was draining out of my ass even while he was still inside me.

"Holy shit," I said. "You shot so much, Travis. I can feel it."

He squeezed me and grunted until his orgasm was over. "I've been holding it back for so long."

We kissed. This time it was a slower, softer kiss. That animal lust and aggression that had taken both of us was gone for now. We were satisfied.

We laid still.

He pulled my body close to his and I laid my head on his arm.

The desk light seemed brighter now, and the room felt warmer.

He grazed his fingers along my chest and stomach. Then he felt some of my come on my stomach and gathered it into fingers.

I watched his face.

He smiled back at me while licking my come off of his fingers. He licked his lips and grinned. "Hmm, I think you win. Your come tastes better."

I laughed and shoved him.

As his body shifted a little I felt his still hard cock move within me. It was still deep within me, and the slight movement made me tingle.

He wrapped his arms around me. He whispered, "Ready for me to pull out?"

I nodded and closed my eyes. "Uh huh."

He slowly and gently slid himself out.

I let out a deep breath of pleasure and exhaustion. "Holy fuck."

He laughed a little. "I think my come is spilling out of you, Doc."

"I don't care," I said, eyes still closed and smiling.

"That was fucking amazing," he said. He kissed my cheek. "We should do it again."

I held onto his arms. I felt like I could've fallen asleep there, easy. "Yes, we should."

"Doc?" I heard him ask. "Doc?"

SIX

My eyes opened.

I was still in my office, naked and on my couch.

"What the fuck?" I whispered.

I leaned my head up and looked around. The desk light was still on, and there was no sunlight coming in through the window shades.

It was night. The clock on the wall read it was nine.

I could still smell him, Travis.

He lay behind me with his arms around my body. I could feel his chest against me as he breathed deep and easy. He even snored a little.

"Fuck," I whispered.

I fell asleep with him. I had actually fallen asleep with Travis in my office.

What was I doing? I was letting myself fall for him. I was letting him get attached to me.

His wife was out there somewhere. Maybe at home, while he was here sleeping peacefully with me.

But I didn't want to move. I wanted to stay there all night with him.

I turned around slowly so as not to wake him. I watched his face, handsome even when he slept.

And for a minute I felt really happy, even if I was laying with a man I'd probably never have.

And just when everything felt close to okay... he mumbled something in his sleep. It was a name, the last name I thought I'd hear from him while he slept next to me... his wife's.